

WATTY AND MEG;

OR THE

WIFE REFORMED.

60  
A TRUE TALE.

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*We dream in Courtship, but in Wedlock wake.*

POPE.

*Before I married Meg, I'll tak' my aith,  
Her tongue was never louder than her breath;  
But now it's turn'd sae souple and sae bauld  
That Job himsell cou'd never thole the scauld.*



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## WATTY AND MEG.

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### I.

**K**EEN the frosty winds war blawin',  
Deep the sna' had wreath'd the ploughs,  
Watty, wearyt a' day *farwin'* \*,  
Daunert down to Mungo Blue's.

### II.

Dryster Jock was sitting cracky,  
Wi' Pate Tamson o' the Hill,  
"Come awa'," quo' Johnny, "Watty!"  
"Haith we'fe ha'e anither gill."

### III.

Watty, glad to see Jock Jabos,  
And sae mony nei'bours roun',  
Kickit frae his shoon the sna' ba's,  
Syne ayont the fire sat down.

### IV.

Owre a boord, wi' bannocks heaped,  
Cheese, an' stoups, an' glasses flood;  
Some war roarin', ithers sleepet,  
Ithers quietly chewt their cude.

### V.

Jock was sellin' Pate some tallow,  
A' the rest a racket hel',  
A' but Watty, wha, poor fallow,  
Sat and smeket by himsel'.

### VI.

Mungo fill'd him up a toothfu',  
Drank his health and Meg's in ane;  
Watty, puffin' out a mouthfu',  
Pleg'd him wi' a dreary grane.

\* *Sawing Timber.*

## VII.

- \* What's the matter, Watty, wi' you?  
 " Trowth your chafts are sa'ing in!  
 " Something's wrang—I'm vext to see you—  
 " Gudefake! but ye're desp'rate thin!"

## VIII.

- " Aye," quo' Watty, " things are alter'd,  
 " But its past redemption now,  
 " O! I wish I had been halter'd  
 " When I marry'd Maggy Howe!

## IX.

- " I've been poor, and vext, and raggy,  
 " Try'd wi' troubles no that sma';  
 " Them I bore—but marrying Maggy  
 " Laid the cape-stane o' them a'.

## X.

- " Night and day she's ever yelpin',  
 " Wi' the weans she ne'er can gree;  
 " Whan she's tir'd wi' perfect skelpin',  
 " Then she flees like fire on me.

## XI.

- " See ye, Mungo! when she'll clash on  
 " Wi' her everlasting clack,  
 " Whiles I've had my neive, in passion,  
 " Liftet up to break her back!"

## XII.

- \* O! for gudefake, keep frae cuffsets?  
 Mungo shook his head and said,  
 \* Weel I ken what fort o' life it's;  
 ' Ken ye, Watry, how I did?

## XIII.

- \* After Bess and I war kippl'd,  
 ' Soon she grew like ony bear,  
 \* Brak' my shins, and, when I tippl'd,  
 ' Harl'd out my very hair!

## XIV.

- \* For a wee I quietly knuckl'd,  
 ' But whan naething would prevail,

' Up my claes and cash I buckl'd,  
 ' *Bess! for ever fare ye weel.*

## XV.

' Then her din grew less and less ay,  
 ' Haith I gart her change her tune;  
 ' Now a better wife than Bessy  
 ' Never slept in leather shoon.

## XVI

' Try this, Watty.—Whan ye see her  
 ' Ragin' like a roarin' flood,  
 ' Swear *that moment* that ye'll lea' her;  
 ' That's the way to keep her gude.'

## XVII.

Laughing, sangs, and lassies' skirls,  
 Echo'd now out thro' the roof:  
 DONE! quo' Pate, and syne his arles  
 Nail'd the Dryster's wauket loof.

## XVIII.

I' the thrang o' stories telling,  
 Shaking han's, an' joking queer,  
 Swith! a chap comes on the hallan,  
 "Mungo! is our Watty here?"

## XIX.

Maggy's weel kent tongue and hurry,  
 Dartet thro' him like a knife,  
 Up the door flew—like a fury,  
 In came Watty's scawlin' wife.

## XX.

"Nasty, gude-for-naething being!  
 " O ye snuffy drucken sow!  
 " Bringin' wife an' weans to ruin,  
 " Drinkin' here wi' sic a crew!

## XXI.

" Devil nor your legs war broken!  
 " Sic a life nae flesh endures—  
 " Toilin' like a slave, to sloken  
 " You, ye dyvor, and your 'hore !



## XXII.

" Rise! ye drucken beast o' Bethel!  
 " Drink's your night and day's desire;  
 " Rise, this precious hour! or faith I'll  
 " Fling your whisky i' the fire!"

## XXIII.

Watty heard her tongue unhallowt,  
 Pay'd his groat wi' little din,  
 Left the house, while Maggy fallowt,  
 Flyting a' the road behin'.

## XXIV.

Fowk frae every door cam' lampin',  
 Maggy curst them ane and a',  
 Clappet wi' her han's, and stampin',  
 Lost her bauchels i' the sna'.

## XXV.

Hame, at length, she turn'd the gavel,  
 Wi' a face as white's a clout,  
 Ragin' like a very devil,  
 Kickin' stools and chairs about.

## XXVI.

" Ye'll fit wi' your limmers round you!  
 " Hang you, Sir! I'll be your death!  
 " Little hands my han's, confound you!  
 " But I cleave you to the teeth."

## XXVII.

Watty, wha midst this oration  
 Ey'd her whiles, but durstna' speak,  
 Sat like patient Resignation  
 Trem'ling by the ingle cheek.

## XXVIII.

Sad, his wee drap brose he sippet,  
 Maggy's tongue gaed like a bell,  
 Quietly to his bed he slippet,  
 Sighin' af'en to himsel'.

## XXIX.

" Nane are free frae *some* vexation,  
 " Ilk ane has his ills to dree;

" But thro' a' the hale creation  
 " Is a mortal vext like me!"

## XXX.

A' night lang he rowt and gauntet,  
 Sleep or rest he cou'dna tak' ;  
 Maggy, aft wi' horror hauntet,  
 Mumlin', startet at his back.

## XXXI.

Soon as e'er the morning peepet,  
 Up raise Watty, wae fu' chiel,  
 Kifs'd his weanies while they sleepet,  
 Wakent Meg, and fought fareweel.

## XXXII.

" Fareweel, Meg!—And, O! may Heav'n  
 " Keep you ay within his care :  
 " Watty's heart ye've lang been grievin',  
 " Now he'll never fash you mair.

## XXXIII.

" Happy could I been beside you,  
 " Happy bairn at morn and e'en :  
 " A' the ills did e'er betide you,  
 " Watty ay turn'd out your frien'.

## XXXIV.

" But ye ever like to see me  
 " Vext and sighin' late and air.—  
 " Fareweel, Meg! I've sworn to lea' thee,  
 " So thou'll never see me mair."

## XXXV.

Meg a' sabbin', fae to lose him,  
 Sic a change had never wist,  
 Held his han' close to her bosom,  
 While her heart was like to brust.

## XXXVI.

" O, my Watty! will ye lea' me,  
 " Frien'less, helpless, to despair!  
 " O! for this ae time forgi'e me :  
 " Never will I vex you mair."

## XXXVII.

- " Aye! ye've aft said *that*, and broken  
 " A' your vows ten times a-week.  
 " No, no, Meg! See!—there's a token  
 " Glitt'ring on my bonnet check.

## XXXVIII.

- " Owre the seas I march this morning,  
 " Liftet, testet, sworn an' a',  
 " Forc'd by your confounded girning;  
 " Fareweel, Meg! for I'm awa'."

## XXXIX.

Then poor Maggy's tears and clamour  
 Gusht afresh, and louder grew,  
 While the weans, wi' mournfu' yaumer,  
 Round their sabbin' mother flew.

## XL.

- " Thro' the yirth I'll wauner wi' you—  
 " Stay, O Watty! stay at hame.  
 " Here, upo' my knees, I'll gi'e you  
 " Ony vow ye like to name.

## XLI.

- " See your poor young lammies pleadin';  
 " Will ye gang an' break our heart!  
 " No a *house* to put our head in!  
 " No a *frien'* to take our part."

## XLII.

Ilka word came like a bullet;  
 Watty's heart begoud to shake;  
 On a kist he laid his wallet,  
 Dightet baith his een and spake.

## XLIII.

- " If ance mair I coud by writing  
 " Lea' the fogers and stay still,  
 " Wad you swear to drap your flyting?"  
 " Yes, O Watty! yes, I will."

## XLIV.

- " Then," quo' Watty, " mind, be honest:  
 " Ay to keep your temper strive;

" Gin ye break this dreadful promise,

" Never mair expect to thrive.

XLV.

" Marget Howe ! this hour ye'folemn

" Swear by every thing that's gude,

" Ne'er again your spouse to scawl' him,

" While life warms your heart and blood :

XLVI.

" That ye'll neer in Mungo's seek me,—

" Ne'er put *drucken* to my name—

" Never out at e'ning seek me—

" Never gloom whan I come hame :

XLVII.

" That ye'll ne'er, like Bessy Miller,

" Kick my shins, or rug my hair—

" Lastly, *I'm to keep the filler.*

" This upo' your saul ye swear ?"

XLVIII.

" O—h !" quo Meg,— " Aweel," quo' Watty,

" Fareweel !—faith I'll try the seas."

" O stan' still," quo' Meg, and grat ay;

" Ony,—ony way ye please."

XLIX.

Maggy syne, because he prest her,

Swore to a' thing owre again :

Watty lap, and danc'd, and kifs'd her;

Wow ! but he was won'rous fain.

L.

Down he threw his staff victorious ;

Aff gaed bonnet, claes, and shoon ;

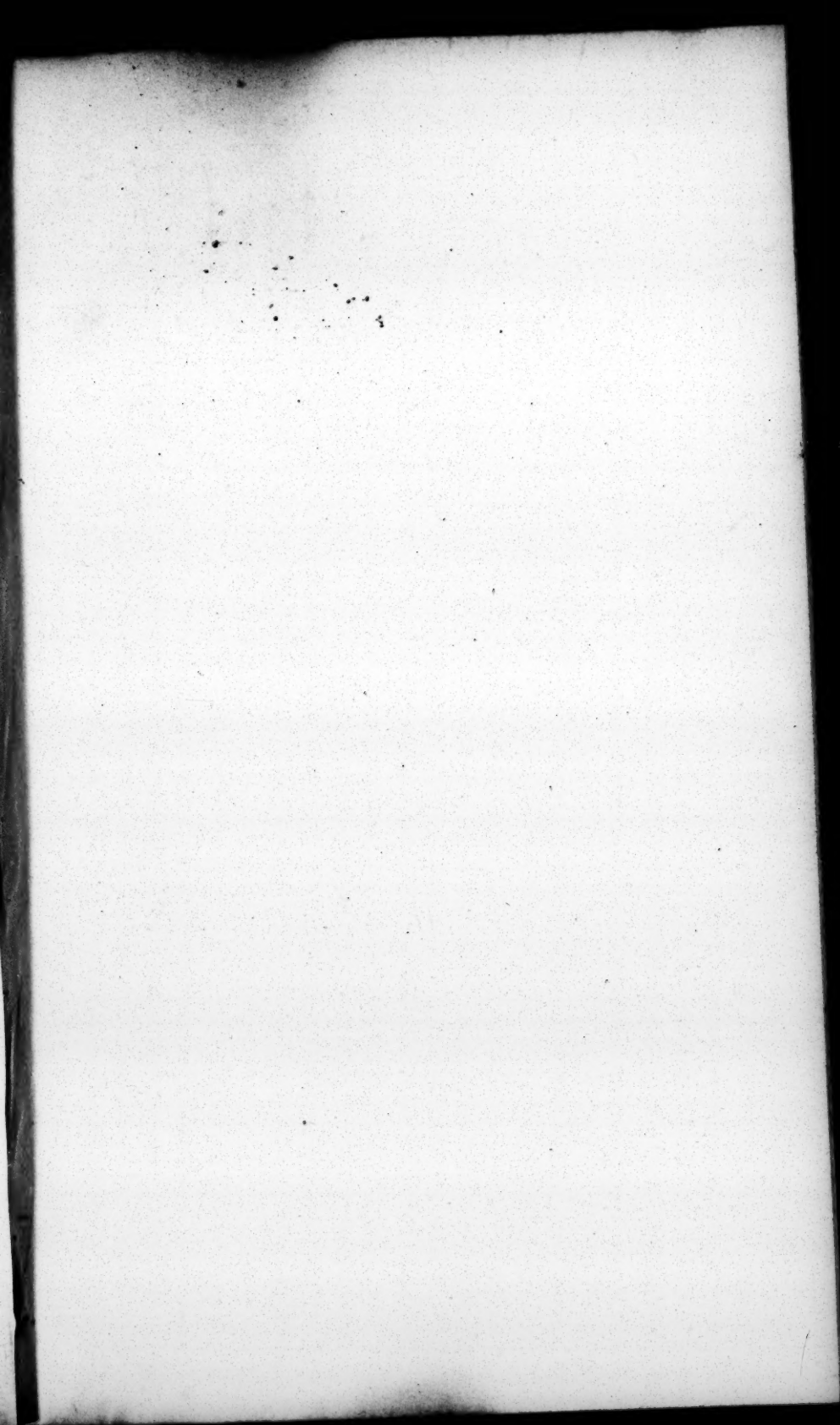
Syne aneath the blankets, glorious !

Held anither *Hinney-Moon.*

F I N I S.

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